

2020 MCC Creative Writing Contest

First Place – Poetry Category

“The Day the Flowers Wilted” by Analise Krawczuk

It's not that I stopped loving you,
it's that I don't want to anymore.
I don't think I could stop loving you if I tried,
so when I say it has nothing to do with you,
I promise you it doesn't.
It was actually when I sat on the broken swingset,
that my grandparents were due to dispose of in days time
because it was far too worn,
and I saw the leaves fall and start to change color
and for a second I felt heard
as they seemed to whisper to me,
you can not love someone into loving you.
As much as I want to say,
you won't be cut off at the end of this chapter,
I couldn't tell you because I don't know.
I woke up this morning
and I didn't feel bothered by
the absence of your presence.
It scared me,
because I never thought I'd find a day
where I found contentment within your disappearance.
It's not that the flowers stopped blooming in your company,
they just no longer required it for survival.
Change is scary,
but not as much as staying this way forever.